



January 10th 1663.

Imprimatur,

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.





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P O E M S, &c.

WRITTEN UPON SEVERAL OCCA-
SIONS, AND TO SEVERAL
PERSONS.

By EDMOND WALLER, Esq;.

*Never till now Corrected and Published with
the approbation of the Author.*

*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,
Excerpam numero —*

*Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinor, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.*

Horat.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the *Anchor* in the
Lower-walk of the *New Exchange*. 1664.

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The Printer to the Reader.

When the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, He was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter,
-----Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuum. Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer was, That he made these when ill verses had more favour, and escaped better, than Good ones do in this Age, the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book as the Turks hang old rags (or such like ugly things) upon their fairest Horses and other goodly Creatures, to secure them against fascination; And for those of a more Confin'd understanding (who pretend not to Censure) as they

they admire most what they least comprehend, so his
Verses (mained to that degree that himself scarce
knew what to make of many of them) might that way
at least have a title to some Admiracion, which is no
small matter, if what an old Author observes be true,
That the aim of Orators, is Victory; of Historians, Truth;
and of Poets Admiracion; He had reason therefore to
indulge those faults in his Book whereby it might be
reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse,
if those faults were amended; for we see maimed Statues
sell better than whole ones, and Clift and wast
Money go about when the entire and weighty lies
boarded up. These are the reasons which for above
twelve Years past he has opposed to our request; To
which it was replied, That as it would be too late to
recall that which had so long been made publique, so
might it find excuse from his Youth (the season it was
produced in) And for what had been done since and
now added, If it commend not his Poetry, It might
his Philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear
so great a Calamity, as the loss of the best part of his
fortune (torn from him in Prison, in which, & in banishe-
ment the best portion of his life hath also been spent)
that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that
Roman,

---Quem

— Quem demisere Philippi
Decisis humilem pennis inopemque Paterni
Et Laris, et fundi. —

*whose spreading wings the Civil-war had clipt,
And him of his old Partrimony stript.*

who yet not long after could say,

Musis amicus Tristitiam & Metus
Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum
Portare ventis. —

*They that acquainted with the Muses be
Send Care and Sorrow, by the winds, to Sea.*

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleaseſd
with our Rhimes) as wearied with our importunity,
He has at laſt given us leave, To affure the Reader,
That the Poems which have been ſo long and ſo ill ſet
forth under his name, are here to be found as he firſt
writ them; As alſo to add ſome others which have
ſince been composed by him. And though his advice to
the Contrary might have diſcouraged us, yet obſerving
how often they have been reprinted, what price they have
torn, and how eaſeſſly they have been always inquired
aſter, but eſpecially of late making good that of Horace,

---- Meliora

-----*Meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit; Some
Verses being (like some wines) recommended to our
Taste by Time and Age, we have ventured upon this new
and well corrected Edition, which for our own sakes, as
well as thine we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.*

Vivitur ingenio, Cætera mortis erunt.

POEMS

Upon some occasions.

TO THE

KING

On His Navy.

Here e're thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,
Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings;
The French and Spaniard when thy flags appear
Forget their Hatred, and consent to Fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed;
Thou on the deep imposest Nobler laws,
And by that Justice hast remov'd the cause.

B

OF

Of those rude tempests which for rapine sent
Too often, involv'd the innocent.

Now shall the Ocean as thy *Thames* be free
From both those fates of storms and piracie :

But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegascan horse :

'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoyl

Another Nation as to touch our soyl :

Should Natures self invade the world again,

And o're the Center spread the liquid main,

Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand

Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command ;

Thy dreadfull fleet would stile thee Lord of all,

And ride in triumph ore the drowned ball.

Those towers of oak ore fertile plains might go

And visit Mountains where they once did grow,

The world's Restorer never could endure

That finish'd *Babel* should those men secure,

Whose

upon several occasions.

3

Whose pride design'd that fabrick to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood: but so vol od T
To thee his chosen more indulgent, he
Dares trust such power with so much piety.

*Of the danger His Majesty (being Prince)
escaped in the rode at Saint Anderes.*

Now had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reacht the sphere of his own power, the
With British bounty in his ship he feasts, (main,
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests
To finde that warty wilderness exceed.
The entertainment of their great Madrid
Healths to both Kings attended with the roar
Of Cannons eccho'd from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder: praye
B 3 While

While to his harp divine, *Arion* sings
The loves and conquests of our Albion Kings.
Of the fourth *Edward* was his noble song,
Fierce, godly, valiant, beautifull and young.
He rent the Crown from vanquish't *Henry's* head,
Rais'd the White rose and trampled on the Red :
Till love tritumphing o're the Victors pride,
Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd side ;
Neglected *Warwick* (whose bold hand like fate
Gives and resumes the Scepter of our State) A
Wooes for his master, and with double shame
Himself deluded, mocks the Princely dame,
The Lady *Bona*, whom just anger burns,
And forein war with civil rage returns :
Ah spare your fwords where beauty is too blame,
Love gaveth affront, and must repair the same : 10
When *Edward* shal boast of her, whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize : 11
Have

upon several occasions.

5

Have power to alter the decrees of fate,
And change again the counsels of our State,
What the Prophetick mule intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known,
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay
About the keg delighted Dolphins play,
Too sure a sign of Seas ensuing rage,
Which must anon this Royal troop engage :
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet
Within the Town commanded by our fleet,
These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptunes smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep,
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar,
As when a sort of lusty Shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory

B 3

Makes

Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounters seem too rough for jest ;
They ply their oar, and still the restless ball
Toss too and fro is urged by them all :
So fares the doubtfull Barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds ;
Yet the bold Britains still securely row'd,
Charles and his Virtue was their sacred load ;
Than which a greater pledge heaven could not give
That the good boat this tempest should outlive :
But storms encrease, and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Princes face,
The rest resign their courage, skill and fight
To danger, horrour, and unwelcome night.

The gentle vessell, wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver *Thames* to ride,
Wanders Astonish'd in the angry main,
As *Titans* Car did, while the golden reign
Fill'd

upon several occasions.

3

Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous son
When the whold world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fits.

Th' impatient sea grows impotent and raves,
That (night affliting) his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing ;
These surges ruine, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed vennel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side :
So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste impeach their mad desire.

The pale Iberians had expr'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To see the Prince with Danger mov'd no more
Than with the Pleasures of their court before.
God-like his courage seem'd, whom not delight
Could soften, nor the face of death affright ;

B 4

Next

Next to the power of making tempests cease,

Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.

Great *Meru* could no greater tempest feign

When the loud winds usurping on the main,

For angry *Juno* labour'd to destroy

The hated reliques of confounded *Troy*;

His bold *Engas*, on like billows tost,

In a tall Ship, and all his Country lost,

Dissolves with fear, and both his hands upheld,

Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd.

In honourable fight; our *Heracles*

In a small Shallop fortune in his debt,

So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more

Than ever *Priam*, when he flourish'd, wore,

His loyns yet full of ungor Princes, all

His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall

That argues fear; if any thought annoys

The gallant youth, 'tis loves untasted joys,

And

upon several occasions.

9

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance;
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in *France*,
Where he had seen a brighter Nymph than she
That sprung out of his present foe, the Sea;
That noble ardor, more than mortal fire,
The conquered ocean could not make expire,
Nor angry *Thetis*, raise her waves above
Th' heroique Prince's courage, or his love,
'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
The shrine should perish where that Image dwelt.
Ah love forbid, the noblest of thy Train
Should not survive to let her know his pain;
Who nor his per ill minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game
Among the bright Nymphs of the Gallique Court,
All highly born, obsequious to her sport.
They roses seem which in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;
She

She the glad morning which her beams does throw

Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so,

Like bright Aurora, whose resurgent Ray

Foretells the fervour of ensuing day,

And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat

To leafie shadows from the threatened heat.

From Cupid's strings of many shafts that flew

Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had

As through the wondring world she flew and told

Of his adventures haughty, brave and bold,

Some had already touch'd the Royal maid,

But love's first summons seldom are obey'd.

Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,

She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.

His glorious name had so possest her ears,

That with delight those antique tales she hears

Of Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies old,

As with his story best resemblance hold.

And

And now she views, as on the wall it hung
What old *Muse* so divinely sung,
Which art with life and love didst inspire
That she discerns, and favours that desire,
Which there provokes th' adventrous youth to swim,
And in *Leander's* danger pities him,
Whose not new love alone, but fortune seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greeks.

For from the stern of some good Ship appears
A friendly light which moderates their fears :
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o're the waves that Taper make's
On which the hope of all their Lives depends,
As his on that fair *Hero's* hand extends.

The Ship at anchor like a fixed Rock
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;
Whose rage restrained foaming higher swells,
And from her port the weary Barge repells ;

Threat-

Threatning to make her forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.

Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain ; the fates
Would not be moved for our sister States ;
For *England* is the third successfull throw,
And then the Genius of that Land they know :
Whose Prince must be (as their own Books devise)
Lord of the Scene, where now the danger lies.

Well sung the Roman Bard, All human things,
Of dearest value, hang on slender strings.
O see the then sole hope, and in design
Of heaven our joy supported by a line :
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above
The chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove* ;
On which the fabrick of our World depends,
One linck dissolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

Of

Of His Majesties receiving the News of the
Duke of Buckingham's Death.

So earnest with thy God, can no new care, ^{distress} Y
No sense of danger interrupt thy Prayer? ^{distress} H
The sacred Wrestler till a blessing given ^{now as w^t} T
Quits not his hold, but halting Conquers heaven. M
Nor was the stream of thy Devotion stopp'd ^{now as w^t} T
When from the Body such a Limb was lopp'd, ^{now as w^t} T
As to thy present state was no less maim, ^{now as w^t} T
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the lame. T
Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign ^{now as w^t} H
In his best pattern, of *Patroclus* slain, ^{now as w^t} H
With such amazement as weak Mothers use, ^{now as w^t} H
And franticke gesture he receives the news. ^{now as w^t} H
Yet sell his Darling by th' impartiall chance ^{now as w^t} W
Of war, impos'd by Royal *Hector's* lance; ^{now as w^t} L
Thine

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosome, left his high command,
The famous Painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a Princes face ;
Yet that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a president as this
Made the old heathen frame their gods amiss
Their *Phœbus* should not act a fonder part
For the fair Boy, than he did for his Hart ;
Nor blame for *Hiacinthus* fate his own
That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
He that with thine shall weigh good *David's* deeds,
Shall finde his passion, nor his love exceeds ;
He curst the mountauns where his brave friend dy'd,
But let false *Ziba* with his heir divide
Where thy immortal love to thy best friends
Like that of heaven upon their seed descends
Such

upon several occasions.

5

Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like unmov'd, and yet like Woman kind.
Which of the antient Poets had not brought
Our *Charls* his Pedigree from Heaven, and taught
How some bright Dame comprest by mighty *Jove*
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love?

*To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of
her Majesties Picture.*

Well fare the hand which to our humble sight
Presents that Beauty which the dazzling Light
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker Eyes ;
And all excess (save by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This beam of Glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the Wonders we conceive ;
The gracious Image seeming to give leave

Pro-

Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,
And by our Muse saluted
Mighty Queen,
In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain and the Queen of Love.
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no sight)
Of equal glory to your beauties light,
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So happy 'tis you move in such a sphere
As your high Majesty with awfull fear,
In human Breasts might qualifie that fire
Which kindled by those Eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the Scorched world like hazard run
By the approach of the ill guided Sun,
No other Nymphs have Title to mens hearts,
But as their Meanness larger hope impars :

Your beauty more the fondeft Lover moves
VVith admiration than his private loves. you gift
VVith admiration, for a pitch so high oupilding 10
(Save sacred *Charls* his) never love durft fly A
Heaven that prefert'd a Scepter to your hand 110
Favour'd our freedome, more than your command.
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole worlds misris, other than a Queen. 10
All had been Rivals; and you might have spar'd A
Or kill'd and tyraniz'd without a guard. 110
No power atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals loves empire, both in heaven and earth.
Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his owne. 120
VVitness our *Jove* ptevented by their flame 130
In his swift paſſage to th' Hesperian dome; 140
VVhen (like a Lion) finding in his way 150
To some intended spoil a falter prey. 160

The Royall youth pursuing the report
Of beaury, found it in the Gallique Court
There publique care with private passion fought
A doubtfull combate in his noble thought
Should he confess his greatness, and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their graces shroud,
And mixing with those gallants at the ball,
Dance with the Ladies and out-shine them all,
Or on his journey o're the mountaines ride
So when the fair *Leucothee* he espy'd
To check his steeds, impatient *Phœbus* earn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd.
VVhat may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosome so
Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods
Forbore to visit the defil'd abodes

Of

Of men, in any mortal breast did burn,
Nor shall till Piety and they return.

*Upon His Majesties repairing of
Pauls.*

THAT shipwrackt vessel which the Apostle bore
Scarce suffer'd more upon *Melitas* shore,
Than did his Temple in the sea of Time
(Our Nations Glory, and our Nations Crime)
When the first Monarch of this happy Isle
Mov'd with the ruine of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun
To be accomplish'd by his glorious Son ;
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought
He like *Amphion* makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap :

For in his art of Regiments is found
A power like that of Harmony in sound, (Kings,
Those antique Minstrels sure were *Charls*-like
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects hearts their Strings ;
On which with so divine a hand they strook
Consent of motion from their breath they took.
So all our mindes with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles great Apostle, and deface
Those State-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again ;
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
As once the Viper from his sacred hand :
So joyes the aged Oak when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd side.
Ambition rather would effect the fame
Of some new structure, to have born her name,
Two distant Virtues in one act we find
The Modesty, and Greatness of his mind. Which

Which not content to be above the rage in yore
And injury of all impairing age; ~~comparisn~~ from
In its own worth secure, doth higher elme,
And things half swallow'd from the jaws of Time
Reduce, an earnest of his grand design
To frame no new Church, but the Old
Which Spouse-like may with comly grace command
More than by force of argument or hand.
For doubtfull reason few can apprehend,
And War brings ruine, where it should amend
But beauty with a bloodless conquest finds
A welcome sovereignty in nidlest minds.

Not onglo which *she* as wondring Queen beheld
Amongst the works of *Solomon* excell'd
His ships and building, emblems of a heart
Large both in *Magnanimity and Art*:
VWhile the propitious heavens this work attend,
Long wanted showers they forget to send;

As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How privat bounty could so far extend
The King built all, but *Charls* the VVestern end:
So proud a fabrick to devotion given,
At once it threatneth and obligeth heaven.

Laomedon that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise, *Troy* wall'd so high
Th' *Atrides* might as well have forc'd the sky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To see such power employ'd in peacefull things.
They list not urge it to the dreadfull field,
The task is easier to destroy than build.

— *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentaq; modis. Horat.

The

A

The Country to my Lady of Carlile.

Madam,

O f all the sacred Muse inspir'd,

Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply
Their rude Inhabitants his Song admir'd,

And Natures self in those that could not lye.

Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,

And warms us Shining, through the Thickest shades.

Nor ought the Tribute which the wand'ring Court

Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to scorn

The answer and consent to that report

Which Echo-like the Country do's return :

Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs

Present th' impartial Images of things.

A Rural Judge dispos'd of Beauties prize,

A simple Shepheard was preserr'd to Love,

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
 Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
 To plead for that which was so justly given
 To the bright *Carlile* of the Court of Heaven.

Carlile a Name which all our words are taught,
 Loud as his *Amarillis* to resound;
Carlile a Name which on the Bark is wrought
 Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound.
 From *Phœbus* rage, our Shadows, and our Streams,
 May guard us better than from *Carlile's* beams.

The Countess of Carlile in Mourning.

(clear,
When from black Clouds no part of Sky is
 But just so much as lets the Sun appear
 Heaven then would seem thy Image, and reflect
 Those Sable Vestments, and that Bright Aspect.

A

A spark of Virtue by the deepest shade
Of Sad adversity is Fairer made
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get
A *Venus* rising from a sea of jet
Such was the appearance of new formed Light
While yet it struggled with Eternal night
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit encrave
Of glory by thy noble Lords decease
We find not that the Laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bode
And that his living eyes such beauty fed
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Mens hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the funeral
Those eyes were made to banish grief; as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow; nothing stands
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands:

If

If thou lament, thou must do so alone,
Grief in thy presence, can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*,
VVho by the power of his enchanting tongue
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs
VVar he prevented, or soon made it cease,
Instructing Princes in the arts of Peace :
Such as made *Sheba's* curious Queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrews famous Court.
Had *Homer* sat amongst his wondring guests,
He might have learn'd at thole stupendious feasts,
VVith greater bounty, and more sacred state
The banquet of the gods to celebrate.
But O ! what elocution might he use,
VVhat potent charms that could so soon infuse
His absent masters love into the heart
Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part

From

From her lov'd Brother, Country; and the Sunne etc.
And like *Camilla* were the Waves to run into his bosome
Into his arms, while the Parisian dames
Mourn for their ravish'd glory, at their flames
No less amaz'd, than the amazed flares
When the bold Charmer of *Thessalian* Mars is to
With heaven it selfe, and numbers does repeare his flight
Which call descending *Cynthia* from her Scattred bosome

*In answer to One who Writ against a
fair Lady.*

WHAT fury has provok'd thy Wit to dare
With *Diomede*, to wound the Queen of Love,
Thy Mistress's Envy, or thine own Despair?
Not the just *Pallas* in thy breast did move
So blind a Rage with such a different fate,
He Honour won, where thou hast purchas'd Hate.

She

She gave assistance to his Trojan foes,
 Thou that without a Rival thou mayest love, will be
 Dost to the Beauty of this Lady owe,
 While after her the Gazing world does move.

Canst thou not be content to Love alone,
 Or is thy Mistris not content with one? then
 Hast thou not read of fairy Arthur's shield,
 Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
 Of proudest foes, and won the doubtfull Field?
 So shall thy Rebel wit become her prize.

Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book,
 All were confuted with one Radiant look.
 Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies,
 Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so
 His noble Brain, by likening to those Eyes
 His joyfull beams; but Phœbus is thy Soc,
 And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,
 So ill thou Rim'st against so fair a Light.

On

On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's Picture

Such was Philoclea, such *Mucidorus* flame ;
The matchless Sidney that immortal frame
Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plae't ;
Not his high Fancy could one pattern grac't
With such extremes of Excellence compose,
Wonders so distant in one Face disclose :
Such Cheerfull modesty, such Humble state,
Moves Certain love, but with as Doubtfull fate,
As when beyond our Greedy reach we see,
Inviting fruit on too sublime a Tree,
All the rich Flowers through his *Arcadia* found,
Amaz'd we see, in this one Garland bound,
Had but this Copy, which the Artist took
From the fair Picture of that noble Book ,
Stood

Stood at *Calanders*, the brave friends had jarr'd,
 And Rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd;
 Just nature first instructed by his thought,
 In his own Houle thus practis'd what he taught.
 This glorious piece Transcends what he could think;
 So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

To Vandike.

RAre *Artisan*, whose Penſil moves
 Not our Delights alone, but Loves :
 From thy Shop of Beauty, we
 Slaves return that enter'd free.
 The heedleſs Lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so :
 But confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his Heart :

Another

upon several occasions.

31

Another who did long refrain,
Feels his Old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of grace:
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find
But gladly suffers a false wind,
To blow the ashes of Despair
From the reviving brand of care:
Fool that forgets her stubborn look,
This softness from thy finger took:
Strange that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face:
May'st thou yet thy self as well,
As all the world besides excell;
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it Live in Verse.)

VVhy

VVhy thou couldst not at one assay,
That face to after times convey,
VVhich this admires ; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee fit
Confess, and wee'll forgive thee this,
For who would not repeat that bliss,
And frequent sight of such a Dame,
Buy with the hazard of his Fame ?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill ,
Though thy good hand had failed still ?
VVhen natures self so often errs,
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care
To frame the Race of VWomen fair ;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the Earth :
VVhich waxed old ere it could see
Her, that amaz'd thy art and these.

But

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those Immortal Colours grow,
That could this Deathless piece compose
In Lillies, or the fading Rose ?
No, for this Theft thou hast clim'd higher
Than did *Prometheus* for his fire.

*Of the Lady who can Sleep when she
pleases.*

NO wonder Sleep from carefull Lovers flies,
To bathe himself in *Sacharissa*'s eyes;
As fair *Astrea* once from Earth to Heaven
By Strife and loud Impiety was driven :
So with our Plaints offended, and our Tears
Wise *Somnus* to that Paradise repairs,
Waits on her will, and wretches do's forsake (wake :
To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches

D

More

More proud than *Phæbus* of his throne of gold
Is the soft god, those softer limbs to hold ;
Nor would exchange with *Jove*, to hide the skies
In darkning clouds, the power to close her eyes :
Eyes which so far all other Lights controll,
They warm our Mortal parts, but these our Soul,
Let her free spirit whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
Know, that though *Venus* and her Son should spare
Her Rebell heart, and never teach her Care,
Yet *Hymen* may inforce her vigils keep,
And for anothers Joy, suspend her Sleep.

Of the mis-report of her being Painted.

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the night
With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia's* light,

The

The noyse may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the Mistress of the skies :
So with the news of *Sathariffa*'s wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongties,
Call Love to witness that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire,
While unconcerned she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice than our loves before,
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our passions without Smile or Frown,
So little care of what is done below.
Hath the bright dame, whom heaven affecteth so,
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours through the flowry meads,
When lavish Nature with her best attire
Clothes the gay Spring, the season of desire,
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the faire art wherewith she paints the morn :

With the same art wherewith she gildeth so

Those painted clouds which form *Thaumantias* bower

Of her passing through a crowd of people;

AS in old Chaos Heaven with Earth consus'd,
And Stars with rocks, together crush'd & bruis'd,
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright *Sacharissa* far'd,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;
As ships though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their admirall:
A greater Favour this Disorder brought
Unto her Servants than their awfull thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yeelding marble of her snowy breast
While love insults disguised in the cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly crowd.

So

So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm.
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arns, and mingles all their bows,
Though loath he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loath he is that friendly storm should cease,
From whose rude bounty, he the double use
At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse.

The story of Phœbus and Daphne applied.

This is a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain :
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy,
Like Daphne she as Lovely and as Coy :
With numbers he the flying Nymph purses,
With numbers such as Phœbus self might use,
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
Ore craggy mountains, and through floury meads,

Invok'd to testify the lovers care,
 Or form some image of his cruell fair ;
 Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer,
 Ore these he fled, and now approaching near,
 Had reacht the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay ;
 Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccesfull, was not sung in vain ;
 All but the Nymph, that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and aprove his song.
 Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catcht at Love, and fill'd his arm with Bayes.

Fabula Phœbi & Daphnis.

Acadiae juvenis Thirsis, Phœbique sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amor
 Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat,
 Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa;

Carmi-

*Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua, formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insana mente solebat :
Audit illa procul miserum, Citheramque sonantem,
Audit, at nullis respexit mota querelis ;
Ne tamen omnino caneret, desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi, referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic non quæstis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapsa reperit Daphni sua laurea Phœbus.*

Of Mrs. Arden.

Behold, and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the soul?

So when a flash of lightning falls
 On our abodes, the danger calls
 For humane aid, which hopes the flame
 To conquer, though from heaven it came :
 But if the winds with that conspire,
 Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

To Amorett.

Fair, that you may truly know
 What you unto *Thyself* is ow,
 I will tell you how I do
Sachariſa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set
 My bleſt eyes on *Amorett* :
 But with wonder I am strook
 When I on the other look.

If

upon several occasions. 41

If sweet *Amoret* complains,
I have sense of all her pains ;
But for *Sacharissa* I
Do not only Grieve, but Die.

All that of my self is mine
Lovely *Amoret* is thine ;
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,

And those scorching beams to shun
To thy gentler shadow run :
If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn ;
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controuls our will in love.

If

If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicites me
Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis amazement, more than love
Which her radiant eyes do move ;
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,

I would turn my dazelled sight
To behold their milder light,
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy ;
Which, how easily I may do.
Heaven (as easily scal'd) do'es know.
Amoret as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,

Which

Which but tasted doth impart
Life and gladness to the heart,
Sachaxiff's beauty's wine,
Which to madnes doth incline
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
That Devotion which I use
Unto that adored Dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send:
So that if it could take end
'Twould to Heaven it self be due
To succeed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;
Which though not so fierce a flame
Is longer like to be the same.

Then

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter liv'd, than Love.

On the head of a Stag,

So we some antick *Hero's* strength
Learn by his Launces weight and length ;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest ;
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did pursue.
What Huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs dare such a monster chase ?
Resembling with each blow he strikes
The charge of a whole troop of Pikes.
O fertile head, which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear !
The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing ;

VVhich

Which might it never have been cast,
Each years growth added to the last,
These lofty branches had suppli'd
The Earths bold sons prodigious pride ;
Heaven with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in a Garden.

Sees not my love how Time refumes
The glory which he lent these flowers ;
Though none should tast of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours,
Time what we forbear devours.

Had *Hellen*, or th' *Egyptian Queen*,
Been nere so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoyle of Age which findes out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant Planet bring
 A barren drought, or ceaseless shower
 Upon the Autumn, or the Spring,
 And spare us neither fruit nor flower,
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of loves neglect
 Preserve you from the violation
 Of comming years, then more respect
 Were due to so divine a fashion,
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

The Misers speech in a Mask,

Balls of this metall flack'd *Alanta's* pace
 And on the amorous youth bestow'd the race ;
Venus, the Nymphs minde measuring by her own,
 Whom the rich spoyles of *Cities* overthrown
 Had prostrated to *Mars*, could well advise
 Th' adventurous lover how to gain the prise :

Nor less may *Jupiter* to gold ascribe,
For when he turn'd himself into a bribe
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen tow'r,
That they with stood not that Almighty shew'r ?
Never till then, did love make *Fove* put on
A form more bright, and nobler than his own ;
Nor were it just would he resume that shape
That slack devotion should his thunder scape,
Twas not revenge for griev'd *Apolloes* wrong
Those asles ears on *Mida*'s Temples hung ,
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meat grew metall like his dish.
Would *Bacchus* bles me so, Ide constant hold
Unto my wish, and dye creating gold.

To

On the friendship betwixt two Ladies.

Tell me lovely loving pair,
VVhy so kind, and so severe ?
VVhy so careless of our care,
Only to your selves so dear ?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul,
VVhile the Boys deluded darts,
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled Love does come,
VVhere he findes a forein guest,
Neither of your hearts at home;

Debtors thus with like designe,
VVhen they never mean to pay,

That

That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver Doves that flie,
Yoak't in *Citharea's* Car,
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her Son so far,
Are so lovely, sweet and fair,
Or do more ennable love,
Are so choicely matcht a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

Of her Chamber.

They taste of Death that do at Heaven arrive,
But we this Paradise approach Alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these walls alike:

E

The

The high in tit'les, and the shepheard here
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear :
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,
Lose thought of what themselves, or others are ;
Ambition lose, and have no other scope,
Save *Carliles* favour to employ their hope.
The Thracian could (though all those tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do ;
Before his feet, so Sheep and Lions lay
Fearles and wrathles, while they heard him play ;
The Gay, the Wise, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike, all, but one passion have :
No worthy minde but findes in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his :
Whilst she with cheerfull, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like *Phœbus*, so divides her light,
And warms us, that, she stoops not from her height.

Of

Of loving at first sight.

Not caring to observe the wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch't from my self, how far behinde,
Already I behold the shore.

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosome of this deep ?
No : 'tis so rockles, and so clear,
That the rich bottome does appear
Pav'd all with pretious things not torn
From shipwrackt vessels, but there born.

Sweetnes, truth, and every grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

E 2

Some

Some other Nymph with colours faint,
 And pencil slow may *Cupid* paint,
 And a weak heart in time destroy ;
 She has a stamp, and prints the Boy,
 Can with a single look inflame
 The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

The self Banished.

IT is not that I love you less
 Than when before your feet I lay :

But to prevent the sad encrease
 Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain (alas) for every thing
 Which I have known belong to you,
 Your form does to my fancy bring,
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Feavor got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which *Phœbus* through his veins has shot;

Too late he would the pain asswage,
And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I madeto love you too.

SONG.

Go lovely Rose,
Tell her that wafts her time ~~and~~ me,

That now she knows
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In desarts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer her self to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she,
 The common fate of all things rare,
 May read in thee

How

How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Thirsis, Galatea.

Tb. **A**s lately I on Silver Thames did ride,
Sad *Galatea*, on the bank I spy'd :
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine,
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

Gal. You that can tune your sounding strings so
Of Ladies beauties, and of love to tell ;
Once change your note, and let your Lute report
The justest grief that ever touch't the Court.

Tb. Fair Nymph, I have in your delights no share,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care :
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you :

Gal. Hear then, and let your song augment our
Which is so great, as not to wish relief : (grief,
She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
Whom Fortune joyn'd with Virtue to advance,
To all the joyes this Island could afford
The greatest Mistris, and the kindest Lord :
Who with the Royal mixt her Noble blood,
And in high grace with *Gloriana* stood,
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness such,
That none e're thought her happiness too much :
So well inclin'd her favors to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her,
The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife,
So well she acted in this span of life,
That though few years (too few alas) she told,
She seem'd in all things but in Beauty old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the Tree, which grieves no less to leave

The

The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And untill Autumn on the Bough should grow :
So seem'd her youthfull soul not easily forc't,
Or from so fair, so sweet a seat diworc't.
Her fate at once did hasty seem and flow,
At once too cruel and unwilling too.

7b. Under how hard a law are mortals born !
Whom now we Envy we anon must Mourn :
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wondring eyes :
But since the Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a-thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe sad Nymph to let me know the Dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name ,
Make the wide Country echo to your moan,
The listning Trees and savage Mountains groan :
What Rock's not moved when the death is fung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young ?

'Twas

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton* whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, Grief lets me say no more.

The Battell of the Summer Islands.

Cant. I.

*What fruits they have, and how heaven smiles
Upon those late discovered Isles.*

AId me *Bellona* while the dreadfull fight
Betwixt a Nation, and two Whales I write :
Seas stain'd with goar, I sing, advent'rous toyl,
And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle.

Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know
That happy Island where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange Trees which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian Garden boasts of none so fair ?

VVhere shining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound
On the rich shore, of Amber-grecce is found :

The

The lofty Cedar which to Heaven aspires,

The Prince of Trees, is jewel for their sites :

The smoak by which their loaded spits do turn,

For incense might, on sacred Altars burn.

There privat roofs on od'rous timber born,

Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn :

The sweet *Palmettas*, a new *Bacchus* yield

With leaves as ample as the broadest shield :

Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs

They sit carowsing, where their liquor grows :

Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,

Such as fierce *Cato* did the Romans show,

With the rare fruit inviting them to spoyl

Carthage the mistris of so rich a soyl :

The naked rocks are not unfruitfull there,

But at some constant seasons every year,

Their barren tops with luscious food abound,

And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd :

Tobacco

Tobacco is the worst of things which they
To English Land-lords as their Tribute pay :
Such is the mould, that the blest Tenant feeds
On pretious fruits, and payes his rent in weeds :
With candid Plantines, and the jucy Pine,
On choicest Melons and sweet Grapes they dine ,
And with Potatoes sat their wanton Swine :
Nature these Cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser Land
Tastes of that bounty, and does Cloath return ,
Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn :
For the kind Spring which but salutes us here
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year :
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same Trees live ,
At once they promise what at once they give ,
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime ,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time .
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst

To

To shew how all things were created first. +
The tardy plants in our cold Orchards plac't,
Reserve their fruits, for the next ages taste :
There a small grain in some few moneths will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree :
The *Palma Christi*, and the fair *Papah*,
Now but a seed (preventing Natures law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear :
And as their Trees in our dull Region set
But faintly grow, and no perfection get ;
So in this Northern tract our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,
Where the supporter of the Poets stile,
Phœbus on them eternally does smile.
O how I long my careless limbs do lay
Under the Plantanes shade, and all the day
With am'rous aires my fancy entertain ,
Invoke

Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein !
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of passions Love :
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high ;
 With the sweet sound of *Sacharijsa's* name,
 I'll make the listning savages grow tame.
 But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto II.

*Of their alarm, and how their foes
 Discovered were, this Canto shows.*

Though Rocks so high about this Iland rise,
 That well they may the num'rous Turk despise,
 Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear
 Which shakes their hearts, while through the Ile they
A

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e're they know
From what blind cause th'unwonted sound may grow:
At length two Monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisher-man espies;
Two mighty Whales, which swelling Seas had toss'd,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast;
One as a Mountain vast, and with her came
A Cub not much inferiour to his Dam:
Here in a pool amonst the Rocks ingag'd,
They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls and rag'd:
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lye murdered on the shore,
By the wild fury of some tempest cast
The fate of ships and shipwrackt men to tast;
As careless dames whom wine and sleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay:

So

So there sometimes the raging Ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes, when the Whales
Against sharp Rocks like reeling vessels quash't,
Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces dash't
Along the shore their dreadfull limbs lie scatter'd;
Like Hills with Earthquaks shaken, torn & shatter'd;
Hearts sure of bras they had who tempted first,
Rude Seas that spare not what themselfs have nurst.

The welcome news through all the Nation spread,
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publick terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Dispose already of th'untaken toy!,
And as the purchase of their future toy,
These share the bones, and they divide the Oyl;
So was the Huntsman by the Bear opprest,
Whose hide he sold before he caught the beast.

They

upon several occasions.

63

They man their Boats, and all their young men arm
With whatsoever may the Monsters harm ;
Pikes, Holberts, Spits, and Darts that wound so far ;
The Tools of Peace, and Instruments of War :
Now was the time for vig'rous lads to show
What love or honor couid invite them too ;
A goodly Theatre where Rocks are round'd off
With reverend age, and lively lasses crown'd :
Such was the lake which held this dreadfull pair
Within the bounds of noble *Warwicks* share ;
Warwicks bold Earl, than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British Peets ;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honor, to that title due ;
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing fame.
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

F

Canto

Canto III.

The bloody fight, successless toy,
And how the fishes sack'd the Isle

The Boat which on the first assault did go
Struck with a harping Iron the younger so ;
Who when he felt his side so rudely goar'd
Loud as the Sea that nourish't him he roar'd ;
As a broad Bream to please some curious tast,
While yet alive in boyling water cast,
Vex't with unwonted heat, boyls, flings about
The scorching brafs, and hurls the liquor out :
So with the barbed Javeling stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tayl the suffering wayes :
Like *Spencer's* *Talus* with his iron flayl,
He threatens ruine with his pondrous tayl ;

Dissolving at one strok the battered Boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the Moat :
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their Boats, and fare like men unhorst.

The bigger Whale like some huge Carrack lay,
Which wanteth Sea room, with her foes to play;
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she wo'd
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mudd;
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tails impetuous swinge.
The shining Steel her tender sides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.

This sees the Cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes :
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tayl confounds.
Their forces joyn'd, the Seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this Cub away :
Their wish they have, he to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came,
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,
A pris'ner there, but for his mothers sake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy, and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown,
Their Lances spent ; one bolder than the rest
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast :
Her oily side devours both blad and heft,
And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake :
Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tides.

And

And raise the flood to that propitious height,

As might convey her from this fatal stright.

She swims in blood, and blood do's spouting throw

To Heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know.

Their fixed Javelins in her side she wears,

And on her back a grove of pikes appears.

You would have thought had you the monster seen

Thus dreft, she had another Island been :

Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,

(As well resembled the conspiring voice

Of routed Armies, when the field is won)

To reach the ears of her escaped son.

He (though a league removed from the so)

Hastes to her aid, the pious Trojan so

Neglecting for *Cressas* life his own,

Repeats the danger of the burning Towns

The men amazed blush to see the seed

Of monsters, humane piety exceed,

Well proves this kindness what the Grecians sung,
That Loves bright mother from the Ocean sprung,
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they with,
For composition with th'unconquer'd fish :
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main,
But how instructed in each others minde,
Or what commerce can men with monsters finde ?
Not daring to aproach their wounded fo,
Whom her courageous son protected so,
They charge their Muskets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire.
Standing a looff with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed Whales.
But no success their fierce endeavors found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to send
For the loud Engines which their Isle descend.
But

But what those pieces strain'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty Whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tyde so high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with the exchange of harms;
Much blood the Monsters lost, and they their Arms.

SONG.

Peace babling Muse, I dare not sing what you indite;
Her eyes refuse To read the passion which they write;
She strikes my Lute, but if it sound, Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no less her anger dread, Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce Lion does embrace His breathless corps, and licks his face;

Wrap't up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he tries.

Of Love.

Anger in hasty words or blows,
It self discharges on our foes,
And sorrow too findes some relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief ;
So every passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redicks does move,
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what preventes his own designs ;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Dilordred, tremble, fawn and creep,
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endcavours to be priz'd,
For women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect.

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud;
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage life and force
Approaching tam'd th'unruly horse,
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress
With Tyrants force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoyl and kill;
Each Nymph but moderately fair,
Commands with no less Rigor here.
Should some brave Turk that walks among
His twenty Lasses bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All

All to one Female Idol bend,
Whilst her high pride does ~~force~~ descend
To mark their follies, he would ~~swear~~
That these her guard of Eunuchs were ;
And that a more Majestique Queen,
Or humbler slaves he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty love, that conquering look,
When next beheld like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there is armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combate next, but if their cry

Invades

Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear, out flies the wind.

To *Phillis*.

Phillis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies ;
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time ;
Change in love to Heaven does climb ;
Gods that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate ;

Phillis,

Phillis, to this truth we owe,
 All the love betwixt us two:
 Let not you and I require,
 What has been our past desire,
 On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;
 Leave it to the Planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do;
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present love.

To Phillis.

*P*hillis, 'twas love that injur'd you,
 And on that Rock your *Thirst*is threw,
 Who for proud *Celia* could have dy'd,
 Whilst you no leſs accus'd his pride.
 Fond Love his darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows,

From

From foes discharg'd as often meet,
The shining points of arrows fleet
In the wide air creating fire,
As souls that joyn in one desire,

Love made the lovely *Venus burn*,
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn,
Who the pursute of churlish Beasts,
Preferr'd to sleeping on her Brests,

Love makes so many hearts the prize,
Of the bright *Carliles conquering eyes*,
Which she regards no more than they,
The tears of lesser beauties weigh:

So have I seen the last clouds pour,
Into the Sea a useless shower,
And the vext Sailors curse the rain,
For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.

Then *Phillis*, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care
But

But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
 To look upon this *Partisan flight*
 Of Love, still flying or in chase,
 Never incoutring face to face,
 No more to love *Weel sacrifice*,
 But to the best of Duties,
 And let our hearts which love disjoyn'd,
 By his kind Mother be combin'd.

SONG.

While I listen to thy voice,
 (Chloris) I feel my life decay,
 That powerfull noise
 Calls my flitting soul away,
 Oh suppress that Magick sound
 Which destroys without a wound.

Peace

Peace ~~charis~~ peace, or singing die,
That together you and I,
To Heaven may go,

For all we know,
Of what the blessed do above

Is, that they sing, and that they love.

~~SONG~~
Stay Phœbus, stay,
The world to which you flie so fast,
Conveying day

From us to them, can pay your haſt,
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder, as *de Mornay's* eyes

Well do's this prove,
The error of those antique books,

Which made you move,
About the world; her charming looks
Would

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.

To Hesperus

For all we know

To Amoret,

Words on behalf of all day

A Moret, the milky way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars,

The smooth stream where none can say,

He this drop to that prefers,

Amoret, my lovely fo,

Tell me where thy strength does lie,

Where the power that charms us so,

In thy Soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,

Or thy grace in motion seen,

No such wonders could be done,

Yet thy waist is straight and clean,

Like

As

As *Cupids* shaft, or *Hermes* rod,
And powerfull too, as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

Brave *Holland* leads, and with him *Falkland* goes,
Who hears this told, & does not streight suppose
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize, and to instruct the North?

Not that these Ornaments make swords less sharp,
Apollo wears as well his Bow as Harp;
And though he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred Virgins sing,
He courage had to guard th'invaded throne
Of *Jove*, and cast th'ambitious Giants down.

Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twist
Bayes with that Ivy, which so early kist

G

Thy

Thy youthfull Temples, with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee ?
To Fate exposing that all-knowing breast,
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest :
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the copse be burn'd)
Confounded lie to the same ashes turn'd :

Some happy wind over the Ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our Island so ;
Guarded with ships, and all the Sea our own,
From Heaven this 'mischief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream the *genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair Hebrew stand,
When first she felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of Civil war :
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
Heaven sends, quoth I, this discord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood,

To

To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long shall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our Arms.

A Lion so with self-provoking smart,
His rebel tail scourging his noble part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For drinking of Healths.

Let Brutes, and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink :
A more indulgent Mistress guides our sprights,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites,
She would our care as well as thirst redress,
And with Divinity rewards excess ;
Deserted Ariadne thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd Theseus cruelty deride ;

Bacchus imbrac'd from her exalted thought
 Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault ;
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
 And each by others timely heat supply'd :
 All that the Grapes owe to his lightning fires,
 Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.
 Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood,
 To give our Friends a tittle to our Blood :
 Who naming me, doth warm his courage so,
 Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

On my Lady Isabella playing on the Lute.

Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch,
 So unconcern'd her self, and we so much !
 What Art is this, that with so little pains
 Transports us thus, and o'er our spirit reigns ?
 The trembling strings about her fingers crow'd,
 And tell their joy for every kiss aloud :

Small

Small force there needs to make them tremble so,
Touch'd by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listning Deer,
Musick so softens and disarms the minde,
That not an Arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her self the triumph of her eyes.
So Nero once, with Harp in hand survey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he play'd.

*To a Lady singing a Song of his
Composing.*

Chloris your self you so excel
When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,
That like a spirit with this spell
Of my own teaching I am Caught.

That Eagles fate, and mine are one,
 Which on the shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a feather of his own
 Wherewith he wot to so soar high.

Had Eccho with so sweet a grace,
 Narcissus loud complaints return'd,
 Not for reflexion of his face,
 But of his voice the Boy had burn'd.

Of the marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design or chance makes others wife,
 But Nature did this match contrive;
 Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
 As she deny'd her little Bed
 To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame,
 And measure out this only Dame.

Thrice

Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care ;
Over whose heads those arrows flie
Of sad distrust and jealousie ;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest Nymphs do show
Like moving mountains top't with snow ;
And every Man a *Polipheme*
Does to his *Galatea* seem ;
None may presume her faith to prove,
He profers death that profers love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kinde nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us,
Creating for our selves us two,
As love has me for only you.

Loves Farewell.

TReading the path to Nobler ends,
A long farewell to Love I gave ;
Resolv'd my Country and my Friends
All that remain'd of me shou'd have ;
And this Resolv'd no mortal Dame,
None but those eyes could have o'rthrown.
The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like her self alone.
Thus the tall Oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown, and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heaven indure.

From

From a Child.

Madam, when will you be kind as I am?

AS in some Climes the warmer Sun

Makes it full Summer ere the Spring's begun,

And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,

Before our Violets dare look abroad :

So measure not by any common use,

The early love your brighter eyes produce ;

When lately your fair hand in womans weed,

Wrap't my glad head, I wish't me so indeed,

That hasty time might never make me grow

Out of those favours you afford me now ;

That I might ever such indulgence finde,

And you not blush, or think your self too kind,

Who now I fear while I these joyes express,

Begin to think how you may make them less

The

The sound of love makes your soft heart affraid,
And guard it self, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a Ball of new falm snow.

That which her slender waste confin'd,
Shall now my joyfull temples bind ;
No Monarch but would give his Crown
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heavens extremest Sphear,
The Pale which held that lovely Dear ;
My joy, my griece, my hope, my love,
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give

upon several occasions. 91

Give me but what this Riband bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

The Apology of Sleep:

For not approaching the Lady who can do
nothing but sleep when she pleaseth,

My charge it is, those breaches to repair
Which nature takes from sorrow, toyl & care.
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her
Whom heaven & her transcendent thoughts have
Above those ills, which wretched mortals taft.

Bright as the deathless gods, and happy she
From all that may infringe delight, is free.
Love at her Royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his Mother with more haft obeys,
Such

Such real pleasures, such true joyes suspense,
What dream can I present to recompence?

Should I with lightning fill her awfull hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command ;
Or place her in *Olimpus* top, a guest
Among th'immortals who with Nectar feast,
That power would seem, that entertainment short
Of the true splendor of her present Court,
Where all the joyes and all the glories are
Of three great Kingdomes, sever'd from the care,
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of rain supplies.
That crystall heaven, where *Phœbus* never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds. But

But what so hard which numbers cannot force ?
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold *Maonian* made me dare to sleep
Joves dreadfull temples in the dew of sleep.
And since the Muses do invoke my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower
Where *Gloriana* their great mistress lies,
But gently taming those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses ; till the joyfull Sun
Without a rival half his course has run :
Who while my hand that fairer light confines
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

At Penshurst.

While in the Park I sing, the listning Deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my plaint,
They bow their heads as if they felt the same :
To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their bows,
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven,
Loves soe protest, why dost thou falsely feign
Thy self a *Sidney* ; from which noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his flame,
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoak of amorous *Sidneys* fire.
Nor call her mother, who so well do's prove,
One breast may hold both Chastity and Love,
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive ; to no humane stock
We owe this fierce unkindness ; but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature to recompence the fatal pride

of

Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing springs A
Which not more help than that destruction brings. H
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone, ^{mon L} A
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan ^{lin A} A
Melt to compassion; now my traitorous song, ^{di 137} Y
With thee conspires to do the Singer wrong: ^{ni field} B
While thus I suffer not my self to lose ^{mon L} A
The memory of what augments my woes: ^{mon L} A
But with my own breath still foment the fire
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire.

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did peirce
Of just *Apollo*, President of Verse,
Highly concerned, that the Muse should bring ^{lin B} H
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing: ^{mon L} T
Thus he advis'd me, on you aged tree,
Hang up thy Lute, and hye thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at least may with this passion find.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph from whom her humble swain
Flieth for relief unto the raging main ;
And from the windes and tempests do's expect
A mildet fate than from her cold neglect :
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice, and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heaven has heap'd on her.

Another.

Had *Sacharissa* liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power that gave
The peace and glory which these allays have
Embroydred so with flowers where she stood;
That it became a garden of a wood :
Her presence has such more than humane grace
That it can civilize the rudest place;

And

And beauty too, and order can impart,

Where Nature here intended it, not Art.

The plants acknowledge this, and her admire

No less than those of old did *Orpheus* Lire :

If she sit down, with tops all towards her bow'd,

They round about her into arbours crowd ;

Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand

Like some well marshall'd and obsequious band.

Amphion so made stones and timber leap

Into fair figures from a confus'd heap :

And in the symmetry of her parts is found

A power like that of harmony in sound.

Yee lofty beeches tell this matchless dame,

That if together ye fed all on one flame,

It could not equalize the hundredth part

Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.

Go Boy and carve this passion on the bark

Of yon det tree, which stands the sacred mark

Of noble Sidneyes birth; when such benign,
 Such more than mortal making stars did shine;
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The monument and pledge of humble love:
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne're rise higher
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leicester.

Not that thy trees at Penshurst groan
 Oppressed with their timely load,
 And seem to make their silent moan,
 That their great Lord is now abroad:
 They to delight his taste or eye
 Would spend themselves in fruit and dye.
 Not that thy harmless Deer repine,
 And think themselves unjustly slain
 By any other hand than thine,
 Whose arrows they would gladly stain:

No

No nor thy friends which hold too dear
That peace with *France* which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause,
Which now exacts your presence here,
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of publick and domestick care.

For one bright Nymph our youth contends;
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of *Thetis* Sun,
For which such stern debate did rise;
That the Great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the prize,

Those Achive Peets did thore engage;
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun
To warm us so when thou wert here,

Now scorches like the raging Sun

When Syria does first appear.

O fix this flame, and let despair

Redeem the rest from endless care !

To a very young Lady.

Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which wanting thee,

Could entertain us with no worth

Or shadow of felicity ?

That time should me so far remove

From that which I was born to love.

Yet fairest blossome do not slight

That age which you may know so soon ;

The rosie Morn resignes her light,

And milder glory to the Noon :

And then what wonders shall you do,

Whose dawning beauty warms us so ?

Hope

upon several occasions. 101

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And Summer though it be less gay,
Yet is not look't on as a time
Of declination or decay.
For with a full hand that do's bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

SONG.

Say lovely dream, where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face ?
Colours of this glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.
In heaven it self thou sure wer'st drest
With that Angel-like disguise ;
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah this Image is too kind

To be other than a dream !

Cruel *Saccharissa*'s minde

Never put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream if thou intend'st me grace

Change that heavenly face of thine ;

Paint despis'd love in thy face,

And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meager let it look,

With a pity-moving shape,

Such as wander by the brook

Of *Lethe*, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,

In whose shape thou shinest so,

Softly in her sleeping ear,

With humble words exprest my wo.

Perhaps

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,

Thus surprised she may fall :

Sleep does disproportion hide,

And death resembling equals all.

SONG.

BBehold the brand of beauty tost ;

See how the motion does dilate the flame :

Delighted love his spoyls does boast,

And triumph in this game.

Fire to no place confin'd,

Is both our wonder and our fear,

Moving the mind,

As lightning hurled through the air.

High heaven the glory does encrease

Of all her shining lamps this artfull way,

H 4

The

The Sun in figures such as these
 Joyes with the Moon to play.
 To the sweet strains they advance,
 Which do result from their own spheres,
 As this Nymphs dance,
 Moves with the numbers which she hears.

On the discovery of a Ladies Painting.

Pigmalions fate reverst is mine,
 His marble love took flesh and blood;
 All that I worshippt as divine
 That beauty now 'tis understood,
 Appears to have no more of life
 Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.
 As women yet who apprehend
 Some sudden cause of causless fear,
 Although

upon several occasions.

705

Although that seeming cause take end,

And they behold no danger near,

A shaking through their limbs they find

Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So though the beauty, do appear

No beauty, which amaz'd me so,

Yet from my breast I cannot tear

The passion which from thence did grow,

Nor yet out of my fancy rase

The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty though too neer,

The fond *Narcissus* did admire;

I dote on that which is no where,

The sign of beauty feeds my fire;

No mortal flame was ere so cruel

As this, which thus survives the fuel.

*To a Lady from whom he received a**Silver Pen.**Madam,*

I Ntending to have tride
The silver favor which you gave,
In ink the shining point I di'd,
And drencht it in the sable wave :
When griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.
Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon,
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change, who ever woon
Immortal praise for what I wrought,
Instructed by her noble thought.

I that expressed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
Alwayes most wellcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble stile
Some meaner beauty to beguile.

So I the wronged pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladiship in these,
And now 'tis forced to confess
That your great self did nere indite,
Nor that to one more noble write,

On a brede of divers colours, woven by
four Ladyes,

TWice twenty slender Virgin fingers twine
This curious web where all their fancies shine;

As

As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought,
Not Juno's bird when his fair train disspread,
He woos the Female to his painted bed;
No not the bow which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

*To my Lord of Northumberland upon the
death of his Lady.*

TO this great loss a Sea of Tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you :
Charge not your self with all, nor render vain
Those showers the eyes of us your servants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
In which, nor fear nor anger has a part ?
Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which dries
Her sole child dead the tender Mothers eyes.)

Your

Your minds relief, where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they ne're could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
To harm another or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great self stray :
Whose mild example seemed to engage
Th' obsequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave *Emilius* his great tharge laid down,
(The force of *Rome*, and fate of *Macedon*)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke
Before *Romes* people : We did oft implore
That if the Heavens had any bad in store
For your *Emilius*, they would pour that ill
On his own House, and let yours flourish still :
You on the barren Sea (my Lord) have spent,
Whole Springs and Summers to the publick leit :
Suspended

Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shortned the short joy of such a wife :
For which your Countrey's more obliged then,
For many lives of old, less hapy men.
You that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth and private blifs, ought to impart
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight :
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this cross,
Since publick persons only publick losſ
Ought to affect, and though her form and youth,
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble sweetnes, and that humble state
All snatcht away by such a hasty fate,
Might give excuse to any common breft,
With the huge weight of so just grief opprest :
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd

To

To the last act ; if is enough her Stone
May honored be with superscription
Of the sole Lady, who had power to move
The Great *Northumberland* to grieve and love,

*To my Lord Admiral of his late Sickness
and recovery.*

With joy like ours the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elizian* shades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his stay emplore,
Make it their publick sure, he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouses sake,
His vanish't love, tempt the Lethean lake :
The Ladies too the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime,
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed
Who shall the fair *Euridice* succeed :
Euridice

Euridice for whom his tun'rous thoan
Makes listning trees, and salvage mountains groan :
Through all the air his sounding strings dilate,
Sorrow like that which touch our hearts of late
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admiral,
Scarce through the Nation spread, twas fear'd by all,
That our Great Ch'ls, whose wisdom shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuse a new,
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the world, it gave our souls relief :
That in our age such senes of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd :
Nature her fairest lights eclipsed, seems
Her self to suffer in those sharp extremes ;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.

The

The stem thus threatned; and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree:
Their beauty they, and we our loves suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend:
As Lilies overcharg'd with rain they bend
Their beauteous heads, & with high heaven contend
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry
He is too faultless and too young to dye:
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away:
Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented and testor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? ore her *Adonis* so
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious shovr
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,

I

By

By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step pursues thee to the grave.

And now relentless fate, about to end
The line which backward does so far extend,
That antick stock which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,
Kind *Phœbus* interposing bid me say
Such storms no more shall shake that house, but they,
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Nieces, shall be
The shining glories of the Land and Sea:
With courage guard, and beauty warm our age,
And lovers fill with like Poetick rage.

Ala Malade.

AH lovely *Amoret*, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair,
Is Heaven become our Rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

So

So amply thence the common end,

Of giving to Lovers, to pretend,

Hence to this pining sickness (meant

To weary thee to a consent

Of leaving us) no power is given,

Thy beauties to impair, for heaven

Solicites thee with such a care,

As Roses from their stalks we tare,

When we would still preserve them new,

And fresh as on the bush they grew.

With such a grace you entertain,

And look with such contempt on pain,

That languishing you conquer more,

And wound us deeper than before.

So lightnings which in storms appear,

Scorch more than when the skies are clear;

And as pale sickness does invade

Your frailer part, the breaches made

In that fair lodging, still more clear
 Mak the bright ghest, your soul appear.
 So Nymphs ore pathless mountains born,
 Their light robes by the brambles torn
 From their fair limbs, exposing new
 And unknown beauties to the view
 Of following gods, increase their flame,
 And hast to catch the flying Game.

Of the Queen.

THE Lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field ;
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,
 Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
 Then straight she shews twas not for want of voice,
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice :
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
 Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetcht.

So

So we retiring from the busie throng,
Use to restrain th'ambition of our song ;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold *Prometheus* flies
To light her torch at *Gloriana's* eyes.

Those sovereign beams which heal the wounded
And all our cares, but once beheld controul; (soul,
There the poor lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nymphs scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing stone
(For life it had, and like those jewels shone :)
He held it dear, till by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover as we gangreens stay,
By cutting hope, like a lop't limb, away :
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High heaven, and these expostulations use :
Could nature then no private woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies ?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light ?

Thus in a stary night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the skie,
Which though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd,
Her bounty and compassion to mankind :
To whom while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face :

For

For mercy has (could mercies self be seen) yd. b. I
No sweeter look than this propitious Queen; 2 m. O
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger minde,
That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made hers.

So the fair tree whercon the Eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempest, & their shepheard shields:
The Royal bird possesses all the bows,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next,
For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the publick good
To wast thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood:
What vast hopes may these Islands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus descended are to reign?

Led by Commanders of so fair a line,
Our Seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame;
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mothers eyes he makes him wield.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair Pearl, and glory of the Sea ;
The man to whom great *Maro* gives such fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came ;
And our next *Charls*, (whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish) springs from thine.

Upon the death of my Lady Rich.

May those already curst *Essexian* plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a Desart, and none there make stay,
But savage Beasts, or men as wild as they.

Their

There the fair light which all our island grac'd,
Like *Heu's* taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that exposed to the boistrous wind.

Ah! to Heaven to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,
With thousand woes & tears we should have sought
That sad decrees suspension to have wrought.
But we (alas) no whisper of her pain,
Heard till 'twas sin to wish her here again,
That horrid word at once like lightning spread,
Strook all our ears. The Lady *Rich* is dead.
Heart rending news, and dreadfull to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue.
That death should licence have to rage among
The fair, the wife, the virtuous, and the young.

The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battell born,
With goarcd hand and veil so indely torn,

Like

Like terrors did among th' immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Goddesses might bleed.
All stand amazed, but beyond the rest of earth stand
Th'heroique Dame whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief expostulates with Heaven,
Urging the promise to the obsequious given,
Of longer life, for nere was pious soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controwl.
A skilfull eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian Monarchs in her face,
And sweet humility, her look and minde,
At once were lofty and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do :
So gentle and severe, that what was bad
At once her hatted and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithfull, loyal, and so true,
That

That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rouling lights of Heaven, as change her course.

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here:
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world weel make her graces known.
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art and power of speech is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

Their our delight complying with her same,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair *Sacharissa*, and now only fair,
To sacred friendship weel an Altar rear:
Such as the Romans did erect of old,
Where on a marble pillar shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.

Nareiffus

Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd,
 Was not more like than yours to her fair mind :
 Save that you grac'd the several parts of life,
 A spotless Virgin, and a faultless wife :
 Such was the sweet converse 'twix her and you,
 As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,
 That such a love should have so short a date ?
 Lately I saw her sighing, part from thee
 (Alas that that the last farewell should be !)
 So look't *Afrea*, her remove design'd,
 On those distressed friends she left behinde :
 Consent in virtue, knit your hearts so fast,
 That still the knot, in spight of death does last :
 For as your tears and sorrow-wounded soul
 Prove well that on your part this bond is whole :
 So all we know of what they do above,
 Is, that they happy are, and that they love ;

Let

upon several occasions.

221

Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave
Content themselves our trailer thoughts to have :
Well chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the skie :
Then grieve no more, that one so heavenly shap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd ;
Rather since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away.
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit,
We should suppose that some propitious spirit,
In that celestial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

To the Queen-Mother of France upon
Landing.

Great Queen of Europe where thy off-spring wears
All the chief Crowns, where Princes are thy heirs.

As

As welcome thou to Sea-girt Britains shore,
 As erst *Latona* (who fair *Cinthia* bore)
 To *Delos* was. Here shines a Nymph as bright,
 By thee disclos'd with like increase of light.

Why was her joy in *Belgia* confin'd ?
 Or why did you so much regard the wind ?
 Scarce could the Ocean (though inrag'd) have tost
 Thy Sovereign bark, but where th'obsequious coast
 Pays tribute to thy bed : *Romes* conquering hand
 More vanquish'd Nations under her command,
 Never reduc'd ; glad *Berecinthia*, so
 Among her deathless Progeny did go,
 A wreath of flowers adorn'd her reverent head ,
 Mother of all that on *Ambrosia* fed :
 Thy godlike race must sway the age to come ,
 As she *Olympus*, peopled with her womb.
 Would those Commanders of mankind obey
 Their honored Parent, all pretences lay

Down

Down at your Royal feet, compose their jars, 61
And on the growing Turk discharge these wars : 67
The Christian Knights that sacred tomb should wrest
From Pagan hands, and triumph o't the East ; 73
Our Englands Princes and Gallia's Dolphin might 79
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight 85
In single combate ; by their swords again 91
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* slain. 97
Again, might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your *Thuscan* muse exalt the fight.

To the mutable Fair.

Here *Celia* for thy sake I part
With all that grew so neer my heart ;
The passion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Constancy,
And that I may successfull prove
Transform my self to what you lose.

Fool

Fool that I was so much to prize
 Those simple vertues you despise,
 Fool that with such dull arrows strove,
 Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove,
 For you that are in motion still
 Decline our force, and mock our skill,
 Who like Don Quixot do advance
 Against a Wind-mill our vain launce.

Now will I wander through the air,
 Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
 And with a fancy unconfin'd
 (As lawless as the Sea or Wind)
 Pursue you wherefo'er you flye,
 And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
 As we their names and courses know,
 And he that on their changes looks,
 Would think them govern'd by your books.

But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any Art, the motion us'd
By those free vapors are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And therefore of the spacious air
Joves royal consort had the care:
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold *Ixions* rape;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud which he embrac'd.
Such was that Image, so it simil'd
With seeming kindness which beguil'd
Your *Thirsis* lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Cella* caught.
I'was shap'd like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his arms with yeelding air:

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success,
For in their story one (we see) D
Pursues a Nymph, and takes a Treas-D
A second with a Lovers baste,D
Soen overtakes whom he had chace'd,D
But she that did a virgin seem,D
Posset appears a wandring stream;D
For his supposed love a third,D
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;D
And stands amaz'd to find his dear,D
A wild inhabitant of the air.D
To these old tales such Nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new,
The Am'rous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.
But *Celia* if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friends,D
Nor

Nor would that he record your blame;
And make it live, repeat the same,
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears, he'll not complain.
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure Lovers know,
Who, like good Faulkners take delight,
Not in the quarre, but the flight.

Of Salley.

Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales antiquity has told.
Such beasts and monsters as their force opprest
Some places only, and some times infest;
Salley that scorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage race successively renew'd,

K 2

Their

Their King despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profest to all the world beside,
This pest of mankind gives our *Hero* fame,
And through th' obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel *Agag* said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine ; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword :
Just *Charls* like measure has return'd to these,
Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled Seas ;
With ships they made the spoiled Merchant mourn,
With ships their City and themselves are torn.
One squadron of our winged Casties sent
O'r-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent :
For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the Seas,
Like hungry Woolves these pirates from our shore,
Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish't Cattell bore ;
Safely

Safely they might on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the Sea :
Mad *Cacus* so whom like ill fate persuades
The herd of fair *Alcmena*'s seed invades ;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

Morocco's Monarch wondring at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person to have seen and known
The injur'd worlds revenger, and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his Bark proportion'd presents bears
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumiz'd and matchless horse.

Puerperium.

YOU Gods that have the power,
To trouble, and compose

All that's beneath your bower,
Calm silence on the Seas, on Earth impose,
Fair *Venus* in thy soft arms,

The God of rage confine,
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline,
Thou the flame,
Kindled in his breast can'st tame,
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine ?

Great Goddess give this thy sacred Island rest,
Make Heaven smile,
That no storm disturb us, while
Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her nest.

Great *Gloriana*, fair *Gloriana*,
Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as Earth,
Whose

Whose beauty relieves us

Whose Royal bed gives us

Both glory and peace.

Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

Of a Lady who writ in praise of Mira.

While she pretends to make the Graces known
Of matchless *Mira*, she reveals her own.

And when she would another's praise indite,

Is by her glass instructed how to write.

To one married to an old Man.

Since thou wouldest needs, bewitcht with some ill
Be buried in those monumental *atms* :

All we can wish, is, may that earth lie light

Upon thy gender limbs, and so good night.

To Flavia Song.

Tis not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart :

The Sun in all his pride and rage,
Has not that Art ;

And yet he shines as bright as you,

If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,

Nor those you write,

Which can make *Thirfis* heart your prey.

For that delight,

The graces of a well-taught mind,

In some of our own sex we find.

No Flavia, 'tis your love, I fear,

Loves surest darts,

Those which so seldom fail him are

Headed with hearts ;

Their

Their very shadows make us yeeld,
Dissemble well, and win the field,

The Fall.

See how the willing earth gave way
To take th' impression where she lay.
See how the mould as loath to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
Close to the Nymphs stain'd garment; here
The coming Spring would first appear,
And all this place with Roses strow,
If busie feet would let them grow;
Here Venus smil'd to see blind Chance
It self, before her son advance,
And a fair image to present
Of what the Boy so long had meant:
'twas such a chance as this made all
The World into this order fall;
Thus

Thus the first lovers, on the clay
 Of which they were composed lay,
 So in their prime, with equal grace
 Met the first patterns of our race :
 Then blush not (fair) or on him frown,
 Or wonder how you both came down ;
 But touch him, and he'll tremble strait,
 How could he then support your weight ?
 How could the Youth alas, but bend
 When his whole Heaven upon him lean'd ?
 If sought by him amiss were done,
 'Twas that he let yet rise so loon.

of Silvia.

Our sighs are heard, just Heav'n declares
 The sense it has of lovers cares :
 She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
 Silvia the fair whiles she was kind ;

As

As if her frowns impair'd her brows,
Seems only not unhandsome now.

So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, it self becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia's* self her name,
Lest she provoking Heaven should prove
How it rewards neglected love.

Better a thousand such as I
Their grief untold should pine and die :
Than her bright morning over-cast
With sullen clouds should be defac't.

The Budd.

Ately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a comming Rose,
This early Bud began to blush,
And did but half it self disclose ;

I pluck't it, though no better grown,
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.
 Still as I did the leaves in spire,
 With such a purple light they shone
 As if they had been made of fire,
 And spreading so, would flame anon :
 All that was meant, by Air or Sun
 To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same inform's of love,
 Of purest love and musick too
 When *Flavia* it aspires to move :
 When that, which life-less buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her youth invades.

Upon

Upon Ben. Johnson.

Mirror of Poets, mirror of our age !
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults, indures
A remedy like those whom musick cures :
Thou hast alone those various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations :
So traced with thy All resembling Pen
That what ere custom has impos'd on men ;
Or ill got habit, which deforms them so,
That scarce a Brother can his Brother know,
Is represented to the wondring eyes
Of all that see or read thy Comedies :
Who ever in those Glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces of his mind :
And by the help of so divine an Art
At leisure view and dress his Nobler part.

Narcissus

Narcissus couzened by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preferv'd him self with hate;
But *Virtue* too; as well as *Vice*, is clad
In Flesh and Blood so well, that *Plato* had
Beheld what his high fancy once embrac't,
Virtue with colours, speeche, and motion grac't:
The sundry postures of thy copious *Muse*,
Who would express a thousand Tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy Art,
For as thou couldst all character's impart:
So none could render thine, who still escapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of shapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind:

affiravi

To

To Mr. George Sands, On his Translation
of some parts of the Bible.

How bold a work attempts that pony and T
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue —
With the high raptures of those mett,
Who here with the same spirit sing, —
Wherewith they indwelt the Quire
Of Angels, who their songs admire —
What-ever those inspired Souls
Were urged to express did shake,
The aged deep, and both the Poles ;
Their num'rous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant
Say (Sacred Bard) what could bellow
Courage on thee, to soar so high ?

Tell me (brave Friend) what help'd thee so
 To shake of all mortality?
 To light this Torch, thou hast climb'd higher,
 Than he who stol^o Celestial fire wth a bld wth H

~~or not neglig^o in this I blow in~~ ~~W~~
 Chloris and Hilas: *Made to a Sarabran* ~~W~~

Cbl. **H**ilas, & Hilas, why sit we mity^{er} ~~W~~
 Now that each Bird salueth the Spring?
 Wind up the slackned strings of thy Lute, ^W ~~W~~
 Never canst thou want matter to sing:
 For love thy Brest does fill with such a fire,
 That whatso' er is fair, moves thy desire.
 Hil. Sweetest you know, the sweetest of things,
 Of various flowers the Bees do compose,
 Yet no particular taste it brings, ^W ~~W~~
 Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink, or Rose:
 So love the resultance is of all the graces
 Which flow from a thousand several faces. ^W ~~W~~
 Cbl.

chil. *Hilus*, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
Could we but know the Language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant muse :
For love their Breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire,

Hil. Choris, this change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring ;
Time from your self does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring :
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The Oak now resembles which lightning hath
blasted.

Under a Ladies Picture.

Such *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy ?

But had like vertue shin'd in that fair Greek,
 The am'rous shepherd had not dar'd to look,
 Or hope for pity, but with silent moon, bellow yonit
 And better fate had perished alone.

In answer of Sir John Suckling's Verses.

Con.

Stay here fond youth, and ask no more, be wise,
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

Pro.

And by your knowledge we should be bereft
 Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

Con.

The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst, should still

Last in their pride, and wouldst not take it ill

If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy

Thou awak'st, he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Pro.

How can the joy or hope which you allow

Be stiled virtuous, and the end not so?

Talk

Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire.

'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire,

But to sleep better ; for who else drinks deep

Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himself asleep.

and flum or slum notice. And flum or slum notice.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,

And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloyes :

Who thinks he should be happier made for that,

As reasonably might hope he might grow fat *been*

By eating to a surfeit, this once past,

What relishes ? even kisses lose their taste.

and flum or slum notice. And flum or slum notice.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy,

But shall we starve, cause surfeiting destroy ?

And if fruition did the taste impair

Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,

Whose joys, just *Hymen* warrants all the night,

Consume the day too in this less delight ?

and flum or slum notice. And flum or slum notice.

L 2

Can

Con.

Urge not 'tis necessary ; alas we know
 The homeliest thing that mankinde does, is so.
 The world is of a large extent we see,
 And must be peopled, children there must be,
 So must bread too, but since there are enough
 Born to that drudgery, what need wee plough ?

Pro.

I need not plough, since what the stooping Hinde
 Gets of my pregnant Land, must all be mine :
 But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so ;
 For when Anchises did fair *Venus* know,
 What intrest had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
 Famous *Aeneas*, or the present joy ?

Con.

Women enjoy'd, what 'eretofore they have been,
 Are like Romances read, or Scenes once seen :
 Fruition dulls, or spoils the play much more
 Than if one read, or knew the plot before.

Pro.

Pro.

Playes and Romances read, and seen, do fall

In our opinions, yet not seen at all

Whom would they please? to an Heroick tale,

Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

Con.

Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,

Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

Pro.

If 'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,

Twould not be Heaven to those that now are there.

Con.

As in prospects, we are there pleased most,

Where something keeps the eye from being lost,

And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint,

Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

Pro.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,

But he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not.

L 3

T

In

In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
 Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
 We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
 And nature blame for limiting our sight,
 Where you stand wisely winking that the view
 Of the fair prospect may be always new.

Con.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
 He's only rich, that cannot tell his store.
 Pro.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor,
 But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

To a friend of the different success of their loves.

Thrice happy pair of whom we cannot know,
 Which first began to love, or loves most now;
 Fair course of passion where two lovers start,
 And run together, heart still yoak't with heart;

Successfull

Successfull youth, whom love has taught the way
To be victorious in thy first essay,
Sure lov's an Art best practis'd at first,
And where th' experienc'd still prosper worst;
I with a different fate pursued in vain
The haughty *Celia*, till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion born,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn,
Now she relents, but all too late to move
A heart directed to a Nobler love;
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more,
Now, than my vows and service did before;
So in some well-wrought hangings you may see
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage to inspires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from heaven the blew ey'd Virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her Walls.

L 4

They that are formost in that bloody race,
 Turn head anon, and give the Conquerors chace ;
 So like the chances are of Love and War,
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are,
 In love the Victors from the Vanquish'd lie,
 They flye that wound, and they pursue that die.

An Apology for having loved before.

They that never had the use
 Of the Grapes surprizing juice ;
 To the first delicious cup,
 All their Reason render up :
 Neither do nor care to know,
 Whether it be best or no.
 So they that are to love inclin'd ;
 Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,
 To the first that's fair or kind,
 Make a present of their heart : 'Tis

Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man that was i'th' evening made ;

Stars gave the first delight ;

Admiring in the gloomy shade,

Those little drops of light.

Then at Aurora, whose fair hand

Remov'd them from the skies,

He gazing toward the East did stand.

She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright Sun did appear,

All those he gan despise,

His wonder was determin'd there,

And could no higher rise ;

He neither might, nor wist to know

A more resplendent light.

For

For that as mine, your beauties now,
Employ'd his utmost sight.

To Zelinda.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth :
The power which you have o're us lies
Not in your race but in your eyes :
None but a Prince ! alas that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice !
Should you no Honey vow to taste,
But what the master Bees have plac't
In compass of their Cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall ?
Nor all appear among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew :
The sap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, through all the Boughs is spread.

But

But vertues which in Parents shine,
Make not like progress through the Line.
'Tis not from whom, but where we live;
The place does oft those graces give;
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led;
He that the world subdu'd, had been
But the best wrangler on the green;
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of Native worth;
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies.
To the old Heroes hence was given
A Pedigree which reach'd to Heaven,
Of mortal Seed they were not held,
Whicht other mortals so excell'd,
And beaury too in such excess
As yours, *Zelinda* claims no less.

Smile

Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born,
 I can describe the shady Grove
 Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,
 And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
 Caught with her Spouse's shape, and name:
 Thy matchless form will credit bring
 To all the wonders I shall sing.

On Mr. John Fletcher's Playes.

Fletcher, to thee we do not only owe
 All our good Playes, but all those other too,
 Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage,
 Credits the last, and entertains this Age;
 No worthies form'd by any Muse, but thine
 Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.
 What brave Commander is not proud to see
 Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantry?
Our

Our greatest Ladys love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn ;
The Impatient widow ere the year be done,
Sees thy *Aspasia* weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragick strain assay'd,
Deter'd by that inimitable Maid,
And when I venture at the Comick stile,
Thy Scornfull Lady seems to mock my toy.

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in playes by rendring it too hard ;
So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw,
The barr by turns, and none the rest our-go
So farr but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation, and their pastime lasts ;
But if some braunie Yeoman of the gaurd
Stepp in and to's the axeltree a yard,
Or more beyond the furthest mark, the rest,
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

To

modestus. for wot wot I flattery in
a snow and evill in **To Chloris.**

CHoris since first our calm of peace
Was frightened hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind :
So the fayr tree which still preserves
Her fruit and state whilst no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightnes swerves,
And the glad earth about her throws
With treasure from her yielding boughs.

On St. James's Park as lately improved by his Majesty.

Of the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by heav'n are vanish't, and the gronn'd;
Yet the description lasts ; who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate ?

Instead of Rivers rowling by the side
Of Edens garden, here flowes in the tyde ;
The Sea which always serv'd his Empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too :
Of famous Cities we the founders know ;
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,
Are natures bounty ; 'tis of more renown
To make a River than to build a Town.
For future shade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks :
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphions* hand
In better order could not make them stand ;
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great Owner grows !
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his Palace tall.
Me-thinks I see the love that shall be made,
The Lovers walking in that amorous shade.

The

The Gallants dancing by the Rivers side,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter slide.
Me-thinks I hear the Mufick in the boats,
And the loud Echo which returns the notes,
Whilst over head a flock of new sprung fowl
Hangs in the ayr, and does the Sun controle?
Darkning the sky they hover or'e, and shrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud?
Beneath a shole of silver fishes glides,
And playes about the gilded Barges sides;
The Ladies angling in the Crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their lines and eyes
They make the fishes and the men their prize;
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
And Sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tyde,
From *Thetis* sent as spies to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court.

All

All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
Or dead the Palat, here you may descry,
The choicest things that furnisht Noahs Ark;
Or Peters sheet, inhabiting this Park :
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various wayes the spacious Alleys lead,
My doubtfull Muse knows not what path to tread :
Yonder the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the Royal Cup,
There Ice like Crystal, firm and never lost,
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* frost,
Winters dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
Though the warm Spring, his enemy draws nigh :
Strange ! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,
High on the *Alps*, or in deep Caves below.

M

Here

Here a well-polish't Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ ;
His manly posture and his gracefull mine
Vigor and youth in all his motion seen,
His shape so lovely, and his limb's so strong
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long :
No sooner has he toucht the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the mall ;
And such a fury from his aim has got
As from a smoking Culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my muse, what most delights her, sees,
A living Gallery of aged Trees,
Bold sons of earth that thrust their arms so high
As if once more they would invade the sky ;
In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd :
With such old Counsellors they did advise
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise ; Free

Free from th' impediments of light and noise
Man thus retit'd his nobler thoughts employs :
Here CHARLS contrives the ordering of his States,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes Fates :
What Nation shall have Peace, where War be made
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade ;
The world from *India* to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His Fancy objects from his view receives,
The prospect thought and Contemplation gives :
That seat of Empire here salutes his eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply,
The structure by a Prelate rais'd, *white-Hall*,
Built with the fortune of *Romes* Capitol ;
Both disproportion'd to the present State
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate ;
From hence he does that Antique Pile behold,
Where Royal heads receive the sacred gold ;

It gives them Crowns, and does their ashes keep ;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep
Making the circle of their reign compleat,
Those suns of Empire, where they rise they set :
When others fell, this standing did presage
The Crown should triumph over popular rage,
Hard by that House where all our ills were shapt
Th' Auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So snow on *Aetna* does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling flames and scatter'd cinders flie ;
The distant Countrey in the ruine shares,
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
Next that capacious Hall, he sees, the room,
Where the whole Nation does for Justice come :
Under whose large roof flourishes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the peoples Pastor he do's go,
His flock subjected to his view below ;

On

On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find ;
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to publick care ;
Here free from Court compliances He walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks ;
How peacefull Olive may his Temple shade,
For mending Laws, and for restoring trade ;
Or how his Browes may be with Laurel charg'd
For Nations conquer'd and our bounds inlarg'd :
Of ancient Prudence here He ruminates,
Of rising Kindoms and of falling States :
What Ruling Arts gave great *Augustus* fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a name :
His eyes upon his native Palace bent
Close by, suggest a greater argument,
His thoughts rise higher when he does reflect
On what the world may from that Star expect

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see
 Day for his sake could with the Night agree;
 A Prince on whom such different lights did smile,
 Born the divided world to reconcile :
 What ever Heaven or high extaected blood
 Could promise or foretell, he will make good ;
 Reform these Nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park from what it was before.

*To Sir William D'avenant upon his two first Books
 of Gondibert, written in France.*

(home,
THus the wise Nightingale that leaves her
 Her Native Wood, when Storms and Winter
 Pursuing constant'y the Clearfull Spring, (come,
 To forein Groves does her Old musick bring ;
 The drooping *Hebews* banish'd harps unstrung
 At *Babylon*, upon the willows hung ; (ill.
Your

Yours sounds aloud, and tell's us you excell
No less in Courage, than in Singing well;
Whilst unconcern'd you let your Country know,
They have impov'ished themselves, not you;
Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates
Which Threaten Kingdoms, and disorder States.
So *Orid* when from *Casar's* rage he fled,
The *Roman* Muse to *Pontus* with him led;
Where he so sung, that we through Pity's Glafs,
See *Nero* milder than *Augustus* was.
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be
Th' indulgent censure of Posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime which its own Curse does bring:
Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,
Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.
This to thy self. Now to thy matchless Book,
Wherein those few that can with Judgment look,

May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,
Like new stamp'd Coin made out of Angel-gold.

Such truth in Love as th' antique World did know,
In such a stile as Courts may boast of now.

Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,
But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.

Man is thy theme, his Virtue or his Rage
Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page,

Mars nor *Bellona* are not named here ;
But such a *Gondibert* as both might fear.

Venus had here, and *Hebe* been out-shin'd,
By thy bright *Birtha*, and thy *Rhodalind*.

Such is thy happy skill, and such the Odds
Betwixt thy Worthies and the *Grecian* Gods.

Whose Dcity's in vain had here come down

Where Mortal Beauty wears the Sovereign Crown ;
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood
(Though not resisted) may be understood.

To

To my Worthy Friend the Translator of Gratius.

THus by the Musick we may know
When Noble Wits a hunting go
Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the Chase adorn,
My friend on *Pegasus* is born,
And young *Apollo* winds the Horn.

Having old *Gratius* in the wind,
No pack of Critiques e're could find
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to Chuse Dogs for sent or speed,
And how to Change or mend the breed.

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combate or to tame,
With all the Mysterie of that game.

But

But (worthy Friend) the face of War
In antient times does differ far
From what our fiery battells are.

Nor is it like (since powder Known)
That man so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of Beasts alone.

No quarter now but with the Gun,
Men wait in trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment but a Text
To tell how modern Beasts are vexed.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage.

Since

Since none do's more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more Languages can show
Those arts which you so early know.

To the King, upon his Majesties Happy Return.

THe rising Sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the Clouds, then shew's his globe of
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty Beams would do.

But your full *M A J E S T Y* at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of your Reign, Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate,
With such a floud of light invade our eyes,
And our spread Hearts with so great joy surprise,
That, if Your Grace incline that we should live,
You must not (S I R) too hastily forgive.

Our

Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatter spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land
Like fainting *Hester* do's before you stand,
Watching Your Scepter, the revolted Sea
Trembles to think she did Your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind *Polipheme*, of late
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate
Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink :
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,
This Gyant-Isle has got her Eye again ;
Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her Foes :
Naked, the Graces guarded You from all
Dangers abroad, and now Your Thunder shall.

Princes,

Princes, that saw You, different passions prove,

For now they dread the Object of their love ;

Nor without envy can behold His height,

Whose Conversation was their late delight.

So *Semele* contented with the rape

Of *Jove*, disguised in a mortal shape,

When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,

And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our sorrow and our crime

To have accepted life so long a time

Without You here, yet does this absence gain

No small advantage to Your present Reign :

For, having view'd the persons and the things,

The Councils, State and Strength of *Europe's* Kings,

You know your work ; Ambition to restrain,

And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main.

We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,

Not such as Books, but such as Practice taught :

So

So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern employ'd:
He ripens Spices, fruit, and precious Gums,
Which from remotest Regions hither comes.

This seat of Yours, from th' other world remov'd,
Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
His Engine's force, fixt here, your poweer and skill
Make the worlds motion wait upon your will.

Much suffering Monarch, the first English born
That has the Crown of these three Nations worn,
How has Your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of Your own soyl, contended half an Age?
Till (Your try'd vertue, and Your sacred word,
At last preventing Your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out so long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redrest His wrong
When straight the People, by no force compell'ds,
Nor longer from their inclination held; Break

Break forth at once, like Powder set on fire,
And with a noble rage their *KING* require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Chanel stay,
Raging, the late-got Land she overflowes,
And all that's built upon't to ruine goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for Grace, and expiate their sin :
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroyl,
Your Vipers Treacle yeeld, and Scorpions Oyl.

If then such praise the *Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* knot ;
What glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd intrests, has the knot unty'd,

And

And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid ?

But while we praise You, You ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouch't wall
Of self-demolish't *Jerico* so low :
His Angel'twas that did before You go,
Tame'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like Ears of Corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus patience crown'd: like *Job's*, your trouble ends,
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends :
For, though your Courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock ?
Like your great Master you the storm withstood,
And pitied those whose Love with Frailty shew'd.

Rude *Indians* torturing all the Royal race,
Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter gract

That

That suffers best: what Region could be found,
Where your heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of Your mighty mind,
Is, how You combatte Fortune how she's kind;
And this way too, you are victorious found,
She flatters with the same success she frown'd;
While to Your Self-severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast Empire you possess the care;
The softer part falls to the Peoples share:
Safety and equal Goverment are things
Which Subjects make, as happy, as their Kings.

Faith, Law and Piety, that banish train,
Justice and Truth; with You return again:
The Cities Trade, and Countries easie life
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.

Your Reign no less assures the Ploughmans peace,
 Than the warm Sun advances his increase ;
 And does the Shepherds as securely keep
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again ;
 Kind Heav'n at once has in Your Person sent
 Their sacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa
 Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent —*

To my Lady Morton on New-years-day, 1650. at
 the Louver in Paris.

Madam,

New years may well expect to find
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind,
 Still as they pass, they court, and smile on you,
 And make your beauty as themselves seem new :

To

To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkith* prefer,
And fairest *Morton* now as much to her ;
So like the Sun's advance your Titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But thus to stile you fair, your Sexes praise,
Gives you but *Mirtle*, who may challenge *Bays* :
From armed foes to bring a royal prize,
Shews your brave Heart Victorious, as your Eyes ;
If *Judith* marching with the Generals head
Gan give us passion when her storie's read,
What may the living do which brought *away*,
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey ?

Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princes, like a brand,
A brand preserv'd to warm some Princes heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brothers part ;
So *Venus* from prevailing *Greeks* did shrowd
The hope of *Rome*, and sav'd him in a cloud ; This

This gallant act may cancell all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portray of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night,
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless shape
Becoms unhandsome, handsomly to scape,
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.

As the brave Eagle does with sorrow see
The Forest wasted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her neast about to be ore'thrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away;
So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore
Her Princely burthen to the Gallick shore.

Born

Born in the storms of war, this royal fayr,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous ayr,
Though now she flyes her native Isle, less kind,
Less safe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the blossom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the British Throne,
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which Rules most, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

Strange that such Horror and such Grace
Should dwell together in one place,
A Furies arm, an Angels face.
'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Cloris's fancy such mistakes,
To start at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd

Her servants have a task too hard,
The Tyrant has a double Guard.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her slye
May boldly creep, we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfind a leave :

Contented in that Nest of Snow,

He lyes, as he his bliss did know,

And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed (fair Eve) you do not make

Another Tempter of this Snake,

A marble one so warm'd would speak.

To his Worthy Friend Master E'velyn upon his Translation of Lucretius.

THAT Chance and Atomes make this all
In Order Democratical,
Where Bodies freely run their Course,
Without design, or Fate, or Force.

In

In English verse *Lucretius* sings
As if with *Pegasus* wings,
He soar'd beyond our utmost Sphere,
And other Worlds discovered there ;
His boundless and unruly wit
To nature does no bounds permit ;
But boldly has remov'd those bars,
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and ~~bars~~,
By which she was before suppos'd
By moderate witts to be enclos'd,
Till his free Muse threw down the Pale
And did at once disspark them all.
So vast this Argument did seem
That the great Author did esteem
The Roman Language, which was spred
Ore the whole world in Triumph led
Too weak, too narrow to unfold
The Wonders which he would have told.

This speaks thy Glory, noble Friend,
And Brittish Language does commend ;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Musick, and his Mind,
Thy Art has to our Countrey brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, *Virgil* too
Shew'd long since what our tongue could do ;
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* spar'd,
Only *Lucretius* was to hard.
Lucretius, like a fort did stand
Untoucht, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear
Which now upon your own you wear.
A Garland made of such new Bays,
And sought in such untrodden ways,
As no mans Temples ere did Crown,
Save this fam'd Authors and your own.

Part

Part of the fourth Book of Virgil translated, beginning at

— *Talesque miserrima fletus*

Fertque resertque soror —

And ending with, *Admixi torquent spumas & cerula verrunt.*

ALi this her weeping Sister does repeat
To the stern man, whom nothing could intreat;
Lost were her pray'rs, and fruitless were her tears,
Fate and great *Fove* had stop'd his gentle *Ears*.
As when loud winds a well-grown *Oak* would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling *Trunk*, and with a boisterous sound
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground:
He fixed stands, as deep his root doth ly
Down to the Center, as his top is high,
No less on every side the *Hero* prest
Feels *Love* and *Pitty* shake his noble brest,
And down his *Checks* though fruitless tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul. Then

Then *Dido* urged with approaching fate
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate ;
Her resolution to dispatch and dye
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy.
The Water consecrate for sacrifice
Appears all black to her amazed eyes,
The Wine to putrid bloud converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own sister knows.
Besides there stood as sacred to her Lord
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands Crown'd,
Hence every night proceeds a dreadfull sound.
Her husbands voice invites her to his Tomb,
And dismal Owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophesies of Wizards old
Increast her terrour and her fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems,
And finds *Æneas* cruel in her dreams,

So, to mad *Penthēm*, double *Tbebes* appears,
And furies howl in his distempered ears.
Orestes so with like distraction tost
Is made to fly his Mothers angry ghost.
Now grief and fury at their heighth arrive,
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive:
Her grieved Sister with a cheerfull grace
(Hope well-dismembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. (Dear Sister) let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love,
Beyond the Land of *Ethiopia* lies
The place where *Atlas* does support the skies;
Hence came an old Magician that did keep
Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the Dragon sleep;
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And where she lists, makes calmest minds to grieve,
The course of Rivers or of Heaven can stop,
And call trees down from th' ayry mountains top.

Witness

Witness ye Gods, and thou my dearest part,
How loath I am to tempt this guilty Art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruine did embrace.
With all the reliques of our impious guest,
Arms, spoyls, and presents, let the Pile be dress'd,
(The knowing-woman thus prescribes) that we
May raze the man out of our memory;
Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her Sister thought
Would follow, than *Sychem* murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The Cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do ly
Hung all with wreaths and flowry garlands round;
So by her self was her own funeral Crown'd.
Upon the top, the Trojan's image lies,
And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dyes
They

They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The Magick Prophetess begins her prayr,
On Chao's, Erebus, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their aboads,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room
With drops suppos'd from Lethes lake to come,
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of newfoal'd Colts, and herbs by moon-light mows,
A Cake of Leven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands,
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God
And every power, if any be above
Which takes regard of ill-requited love,
Now was the time when weary mortals steep
Their carefull temples in the dew of sleep,
On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell
A deathlike quiet, and deep silence fell,

But

But not on *Dido*, whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd,
A double passion in her breast does move
Love and fierce Anger for neglected Love.
Thus she afflicts her soul, What shall I do?
With fate inverted shall I humbly woo?
And some proud Prince in wild *Numidia* born
Pray to accept me and forget my scorn?
Or shall I with the ungratefull Trojan go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough by sad experience known,
The perjur'd race of false *Laomedon*?
With my Sidonians shall I give them chase?
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, dy, and let this sword thy fury tame,
Nought but thy blond can quench this guilty flame.
Ah Sister! vanquisht with my passion thou
Betraidst me first, dispensing with my vow.

Had

Had I bee'n constant to *Sybilus* still
And single-liv'd, I had not known this ill.

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breast
While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd,
Thus seems to speak the youthfull Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus* seed! Canst thou indulge thy sleep?
Nor better guard in such great danger keep,
Mad by neglect to lose so fair a wind?
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fire, to ruine thine;
She meditates revenge resolv'd to dy,
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This said, the God in shades of Night retir'd
Amaz'd *Aeneas* with the warning fir'd
Shakes

Shakes off dull sleep, and rouzing up his men,
 Behold ! the Gods command our flight aye ;
 Fall to your oars, and all your Canvas spread,
 What God soe'er that thus vouchsaf't to lead
 We follow gladly and thy will obey,
 Assist us still smoothing our happy way,
 And make the rest propitious. With that word
 He cuts the Cable with his shining sword ;
 Through all the Navy doth like Ardor reign ,
 They quit the shore and rush into the Main ;
 Plac't on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
 Neptunes smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

Upon a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea.

Now for some Ages had the pride of Spain
 Made the Sunshine on half the world in vain ;
 While she bid warr to all that durst supply
 The place of those her cruelty made dye.

Of

Of Natures bounty men forbear to take,
And the best portion of the Earth lay waste.

From the new world her silver and her gold
Came like a tempest to confound the old,
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors hopes,
Alone she gave us Emperors and Popes,
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indians Mines.

When *Britain* looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded Majesty of *Spain*,
And knowing well that Empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinnewes are of coyn,
Our nations sollid vertue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the worlds repose.

And now some moneths incamping on the Main,
Our Naval Army had besieged *Spain*,
They that the whole worlds monarchy design'd,
Are to their Ports, by our bold fleet confin'd,

O

From

From whence our Red-cross they triumphant see
Riding without a Rival on the sea.

Others may use the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *English* make it their aboad,
Whose ready sails, with every wind can fly,
And make a Cov'nant with the unconstant sky ;
Our oaks secure, as if they there tooke root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching saw,
And hop'd their *European* coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships by the Autumnal wind,
Their huge capacious Gallanions stuff with plate
The labouring winds drive slowly towards their fate.

Before St. *Luar* they their gunns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge,
This heard some ships of ours (though out of view)
And swift as Eagles to the quarry flew :

So heedless lambs which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry Lions and become their meat.

Ariv'd they soon begin that Tragique play,
And with their smoaky Canons banish day,
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms imbrace the fleets.
Through yeelding Planks the angry Bullets flye,
And of one wound hundreds together dye,
Born under different stars one fate they have,
The shipp their Coffin and the sea their Grave.
Bold were the Men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwrack wasthe worl^t,
More danger now from man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind;
They that had saild from near th'Antartick Pole
Their Treasure safe and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear Countrey ruin'd be
Without the guilt of either rock or sea.

O 2

What

What they would spare our fiercer Art destroys,
Surpassing storms in Terror and in noise ;
Once *Jove Ida* did both Hosts survey
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray ;
Here heaven in vain that kind retreat should sound
The louder Canon had the thunder drownd.

Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich Lading to the botome went,
Down sinks at once (so fortune with us sports)
The pay of Armys and the pride of Courts.
Vain man ! whose Rage buries as low that flore,
As Avarice had digg'd for it before ;
What Earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,
Where *Thetis* kindly do's from mortals hide
Those seeds of Luxury, Debate and pride.

And now into her Lap the richest prize
Fell with the noblest of our Enemies,

The

The Marquis glad to see the fire destroy
VVealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy,
Out from his flaming ship his children sent
To perish in a milder Element;
Then laid him by his burning Lady's side,
And since he could not save her with her dy'd.
Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
And *Phænix* like in that rich nest they dy ;
Alive in flames of equal love they burn'd
And now together are to ashes turn'd,
Ashes more worth than all their funeral cost,
Than the huge treasure, which was with them lost.
These dying Lovers, and their floating Sons
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns,
Beauty and Youth about to perish finds
Such noble Pity in brave English minds,
That the rich spoyl forgot, their Valours prize,
All labour now to save their Enemies.

O 3

How

How frail our passions ! how soon changed are
 Our wrath and fury to a friendly Care ?
 They that but now for honour and for plate
 Made the sea blush with blood, resigne their hate,
 And their young foes Endeav'ring to retrieve,
 With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

Eptaph to be written under the Latin inscription upon
 the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord Andover.

Tis fit the English Reader should be told
 In our own Languge what this Tomb do's hold,
 Tis not a noble Corps alone do's ly
 Under this stone, but a whole family ;
 His parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
 And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy,
 This lovely youth, for whom we all made moan,
 That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had

Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His Courage, wit, and breeding, to have shew'd,
We had not found in all the Numerous Rowl
Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater soul,
His early Vertues to that Auntient stock
Gave as much Honor, as from thence he tooke.

Like Buds appearing e're the frosts are past,
To become Man he made such fatall hast,
And to perfection labord so to clime,
Preventing slow Experience and Time,
That tis no wunder death our hopes beguileth
Hee's scldome Old, that will not be a Childe.

*To the Queen, upon her Majesties Birth-day, after Her
happy recovery from a dangerous sickness.*

Farewell the Year which Threatned so
The fairest Light the World can shew,
Welcome the New, whose every day
Restoring what was Snatch'd away

By

By pining Sickness from the Fair,
That matchless Beauty do's repair
So fast, that the approaching Spring,
Which do's to Flow'ry meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give Her all She had before.

But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a Danger past ;
We that esteem'd You sent from Heav'n,
A pattern to this Island giv'n,
To shew us what the Bless'd do there,
And what Aliye they practis'd here,
When that which we Immortal thought,
We saw so neer Destruction brought,
Felt all which You did then endure,
And tremble yet, as not secure ;
So though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dark Ecclipse set free,

Th'

Th' Influence which we fondly fear
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year.

But that which may Relieve our care,
Is that You have a Help so near
For all the Evils You can prove,
The Kindness of Your Royal Love :
He that was never known to Mourn,
So many Kingdoms from him Torn,
His Tears reserv'd for You, more dear,
More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were :

For when no healing Art prevail'd,
When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,
On your pale Cheek he dropt the shour
Reviv'd you like a Dying flour.

*Nunc itaque & versus & cætera ludicrapono,
Quid verum, atque decens, sero, & rogo, & omnis in hoc
(sum:)*

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